RICHMOND
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POINT RICHMOND PROGRESS

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OBSERVATIONS
By Lee D. Windrem

President Roosevelt has asked Congress to pass a bill by which the costs of government will be very greatly reduced, and at this writing it appears that he will have his way. This economy involves the pruning of unnecessary employees as well as reduction of salaries and other costs of government.

That is excellent!

✧ ✧ ✧

The State Legislature of our state (and all other states) are deeply engaged in consolidating commissions, pruning out the dead wood in state empoyees, lowering salaries and in other ways reducing state expenditures so that the overburdened taxpayer may have a chance to take a long breath and, if it be not too late, save his home.

That is bully!

✧ ✧ ✧

The County Grand Jury of this county, now in session, is slashing right and left in an endeavor to lower cost of county government, recommending very decided cuts in salaries and a drastic pruning of unnecessary employees, in order to protect the home owner and relieve him of ghastly burdens.

That is splendid!

✧ ✧ ✧

Our City Council, about a year ago, cut salaries from 7 1-2 to 10 per cent, making a saving of approximately $25,000 and strutted their brief day and flourished like a ragweed for a season; but ere the sun in all his state illumed the eastern skies our good brother Parr appeared before the hypnotised council and demanded $38,000 for his waterfront—and

(Continued on Editorial Page)

Last Rites For Peter Soldavini

Following a requiem solemn mass at Our Lady of Mercy church, the funeral procession of the late Peter Soldavini, more than one mile in length, last Monday wrote a silent tribute of the esteem in which one of Point Richmond's pioneer hotel men had been held. Universally liked, Peter Solavini was born in Lonate Pozzola, in the Province of Milano, Italy. Thirty-two years ago he came to this young city in the prime of his life and contributed more than his share to its upbuilding.

For many years he was the proprietor of the Standard Hotel. His death came lastt Friday after a stroke. Affiliated with the Fraternal Odrer of Eagles, he had planned to attend a meeting, when the grim reaper came.

Mrs. Maria Soldavini, his widow, survives; there are two brothers, Angelo Soldavini of Stege, and Ambrosia, in Italy, as well as a sister, Mrs. Maria Mainini, also in Italy.

As previously mentioned, a great throng of friends attended the requiem solemn high mass which was celebrated by Father Doyle, assisted by Father Crotty pastor of St. Mark's as deacon and Father Collins, sub-deacon. The choir of St. Mark's Parish sang the requiem. Funeral arrangements were in the hands of Charles Ryan, and interment was at St. Joseph's cemetery.

$1.00 EACH WEEK

For the Best Letter on Point Richmond

"A Good Place to Live"

Mail to Progress Office

PRIZE WINNING LETTER

Dear Editor:

I have taken my pen in hand in an endeavor to convince our inhabitants and others that Point Richmond is a good place to live.

Surroundings play a very important part in the selection of a home, and what more can one ask when he views our rambling green hills, our hidden coves, and our sandy shores.

One always desires to dwell in a beautiful home, and if anyone disagrees with my contention that Point Richmond does possess

Continued in next issue

POINT RICHMOND—1963

Listen, kind people, and you shall hear
Of the times in Point Richmond in the year
1-9-3-3—when Progress came to town
And West Side became known for miles around.
Due to the boosting of our local stores
Thirty years accomplished more and more
Of growth and wealth in our fine city
Where men are men—and girls are pretty!

Gathered tonight in Old Washington School
We review the march of the Golden Rule
Thirty years have passed—our city is large.
Now goods come by steamship—in old days, by barge.
And all because Point folk came to know
That "Buy in Point Richmond" is "all the go!"

The minute our people started to buy
All of their goods here, depression passed by.
Local-owned stores, Standard Ave., Park Place,
As well as on Washington turned right about face.
Their prices were right, and folk came to see
That "money spent with YOU comes right back to ME."

So grocery stores prospered, and churches grew, too.
And bakeries and laundries had all they could do!
Whitesides and Mazza, Ceridono, Chasseur,
Matteucci, Perault, Palmateer and Ed Meurer,
Bernes and Martens, Sid Gnaga, Dupret,
Nick Brarlo, Gust Allyn, and Thomas Ken-nay!!
The moral of my poem is very plain to note:
"Buy in Point Richmond—and don't rock the boat.

Shipping News

March 10: The Mormon Star, loaded general cargo for the United Kingdom last Tuesday.

March 10: The West Cactus, loaded general cargo for Central American ports last Monday.

March 10: On Saturday, March 11, the Florence Lucenbach came into the inner harbor to load a general cargo for Gulf ports. She is from Luckendach Lines.

AT THE FOX THEATRE

The Fox offers the following programs for this week. Friday and Saturday, 17 and 18, double bill, "Ladies They Talk About" Barbara Stanwyck and Lillian Roth, and "My Pal the King" with Tom Mix and his horse Tony Sunday and Monday, 19 and 20, "Sign of the Cross" with Claudette Colbert and Frederick Marsh; Tuesday , 21, double bill, "Uptown New York", Jack Oakie and "Crooked Circle", Zazu Pitts James Gleason and Ben Lyon; Wednesday and Thursday, 22 and 23, "Cynara" (I have been faithful) Roland Colman and Kay Francis; and Friday and Saturday, 24 and 25, double bill, "Man Against Woman" and "King of the Jungle."

.. Old Ironsides to Come Here ..

Mrs. Helen Kingsbury of the Chamber of Commerce informs the Progress that arrangements are being made by Mr. Helms, of the school department the Parr Terminal Corporation, and the Chamber of Commerce to have "Old Ironsides" sail into the inner harbor on or about March 27. The historic vessel, the famous frigate, Constitution was rehabilitated in the past few years by one cent donations from all the school children of the United States.

Mr. Henry Seyneberg, who is confined at his home because of illness is rapidly improving, and would enjoy having his friends visit him.

Miss Viola Treanor, assistant postal clerk, is now on her vacation. Miss Treanor expects to spend four or five days in Fresno.

Echoes From the Quake

Mrs. J. P. Ogden, 107 Richmond Ave. has heard from her sister in the quake area. They reLort being shaken up but all right. Mrs. Ogden's folks all live in Los Angeles

Mrs. I. D. Owens, 118 Nicholl Ave. reports that she has received a telegram from her son notifying her that he and his wife are safe. Robert is employed by the Standard Oil Co. in Long Beach and are residents of the earthquake stricken area. Mrs. Owens is expecting a letter from her son any minute.

Mrs. Elizabeth Adams of the West Side has received a most welcome and very interesting letter from her son Press M. Adams of Los Angeles, who was in the recent earthquake there.

He reports that he and his family are all safe. He was in the big thirteen story Telephone Company building when the heaviest quake occurred, Roy L. Adams, another son of Mrs. Adams, and Treasurer of the city of Compton, left the city hall of Compton just ten minutes before the earthquake reduced the building to debris. His home in Compton was slightly damaged. The many friends of the pioneer Adams family will be glad to hear they are safe.

Candidates Speak at Improvement Meeting

Fine Musical Program For West Siders

Braving inclement weather, a considerable crowd of perhaps two hundred and fifty citizens attended the second open meeting of the West Side Improvement Association at the Washington school auditorium last Tuesday evening. While these meetings are designed solely to provide a monthly meeting of West Siders to advance our community the entertainment provided Tuesday night was of a very high order. Tony Mazza, one of our enterprising merchants arranged the program.

John Toffoli, M. A.

For example, there was John Toffoli, master of the accordion, leading N B C artist who has traveled the Orpheum circut. Enrichetta Vallerga, a beautiful girl with a delightful soprano voice who entertained with "Estrellita", "Trees" and other songs to crash through to splendid climax with "O Sole Mio". Artoinetta Bottano accompanied on the piano and Julia Persoglia and Henrico Cornocchia fairly carried away the listeners with the martial tunes of their accordian duo, while a piece de resistance with our own little Point Richmond 10 year old Bruno Bianchini who delighted with the facility with which he handled the accordian. Charles Giovanetti and Tony Mazza engaged in dialogue and Tony performed creditably on the xylophone and the cornet. Cook's Hay wire Orchestra, as usual, was excellent in their numbers.

Jim Long Speaks

C. Gordon Perault, president of the W S I A opened the meeting and all arose and sang "America". Introducing County Supervisor James N. Long, he made a splendid opening address recounting old times at the Point. Candida Zanzi read the booster poem which appears on this page, in a splendid voice. Door prizes were given and received as follows: Mrs. Cash won the grocery order from Whitesides; Micky Allyn received groceries from Liberty Market; Chas. Ceridono's olive oil was won by Mrs. D Arnold; Jack Chasseur's Folger's coffee to W. W. Pearson janitor of the school; Eddie McCray got Palmateer's candy, while Joe Matteucci received a necktie from G. J. Allyn's store; 300 pounds of Richmond ice to F. H. Devilviss and Mrs McDuff specified that Ed take the mop and bucket from Perault's Hardware; Jimmie Capelli got the Roma Hotel Raviolas; H. Heinz, 12 loaves of Marten's Blue Ribbon bread; and Ex-mayor Al Paulsen got the coal and wood from the Richmond Supply Company.

Candidates Speak

C. A. Drexel was the only candidate of the school board to appear personally, though Fred Prosser of El Cerrito made a stirring address in the interest of the candidacy of I. E. Scott Ralph H. Bergen, incumbent, sent his regrets through Chairman Perault. The sentiment of Point Richmond for a school bus was unmistakably shown at the meeting.

Councilman candidates were then introduced and spoke as follows: R. J. Craycroft, who has the endorsement of organized labor, made an interesting reference to his boyhood days in Pt. Richmond in 1903, and gave a clear statement of his candidacy. Councilman A. L. Paulsen rested on his record for the past six years; Leo Marcollo, a successful young attorney, who has addressed many meetings on other occasions, for the first time in his life spoke in the interests of his own candidacy; Ed B. Lowery made a very concise presentation of his own candidacy and Carl Strender, local resident of the West Side concluded the speaking of candidates. In justice to all candidates it must be stated that each made a positive impression on the audience and contributed materially to the very constructive meeting, which was closed by the singin of 'Auld Lang Syne' led by Harry R. Burt and Mrs. G. J Allyn played the accompament.

Fishing News

On account of weather conditions and recent rains bass fishing has been held up in this vicinity for the past week.

AT THE RICHMOND THEATRE

On Saturday March 18, Edmund Lowe in "Guilty as Hell" with Victor McLaglen; Sunday and Monday, 19 and 20, Carole Lombard and Lyle Talbot in "No More Orchids" also Tom Keene in "Come on Danger", Betty Boop for President; Tuesday and Wednesday 21 and 22, Pat O' Brien and Lillian Bond in "Air Mail" with Ralph Bellamy and Gloria Stewart also Harry Sweet in "Fire House Honeymoon"; Thursday and Friday, 23 and 24, Fannie Hurst's "Back Street" with John Boles and Irene Dunne also Krazy Kat in Seeing Stars.

Sam's original country store on Monday and china nights on Thursday and Friday.

Thoughts Garnered from the Philosophic Tailor:

When Napoleon became Emperor and the members of the parliament of Versailles complained among themselves at the idea of a "slaughterer" becoming Emperor of France, someone spoke his surprise at the conduct of the one time little corporal. Napoleon replied, "Every nation has the government it deserves. Why? Because government is a part of the people themselves". In 1933, Mussolini says, in effect, the same truth . . . The significance of the "rule of three," has it ever occured to you? Father, mother, son; yesterday, today, tomorrow; insolence, prepotence arrogance; " I think so," "I don't think so," "Perhaps" Where are we from? Why are we here? To whence do we go? . . . The world's population is 1,936,565,210 souls, white, black, yellow, brown, red . . . Bob Ingersoll said Add 'O' to God, good; Subtract 'D' from Devil, evil . . . Try to join a colored congregation and be told "you don't belong here" Why? Is God white, black, red? A father gave 16c to his son and 9c to his daughter, What time is it? (Answer on last page.)

The MAY DAY MYSTERY

By OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

WNU Service.
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THE STORY FROM THE BEGINNING

Antoinette Peyton, senior at the University of Marland, resents Paterson Thayer's attentions to Ivy Welch, seventeen-year-old coed, and there is a stormy scene, the tension being increased by Max Vernon, another student, reproaching Ivy for "breaking a date" with him. Thayer and Vernon threaten each other. Larry Welch, Ivy's brother, professor at the university, is appealed to by Tony to end his sister's friendship with Thayer. Welch and Tony Peyton are in love. Tony tells him she is married to Thayer, but is his wife only in name. Larry determines to end Thayer's association with Ivy. Tony persuades him to wait until she has appealed to her husband. She does so, visiting him at a fraternity house. Tony ends her visit to Thayer and departs. Vernon leaves the house almost immediately afterwards. Welch's appeal to Ivy to end her affair with Thayer is fruitless. He determines to see Thayer. He does so, and after he leaves, Carmicino, frat house janitor, finds Thayer dead, stabbed in the throat.

CHAPTER V
—6—

THE town of Marland spread fanlike from the foot of the hill on which stand the buildings of the university. Oak street, some three miles from the University, is the chief shopping center of Marland. Archer street carries the traffic load. It runs east and west. At the four corners which mark the intersection of Oak and Archer there are two gas filling stations and two drug stores. The latter, however, open on Oak street, and next to one of them, one door from the corner, facing Archer street and west of Oak, is the snug little gray stone home of the Marland National bank.

The Marland National bears an enviable reputation. It is small but staunch, and on its roster of directors one will find names which carry great weight even in the city of a quarter million which exists twenty miles away. It is spoken of boastfully by natives of Marland, and Randolph Fiske, its president, is a real power in the community.

This morning—the morning of May third—Randolph Fiske sat at his desk in the office which was marked "President—Private." He was a tall, well-proportioned man, fifty-eight years of age, whose hair matched the gray of his bank building. He had a fine, broad forehead and iron-gray brows from beneath which a pair of keen eyes peered in a manner which gave an impression of unimpeachable efficiency.

He was gazing attentively at a tiny bit of pasteboard. There was printing on its surface—printing, not embossing. It said simply:

James H. Hanvey
Bankers' Protective Ass'n.

Mr. Fiske's eye roved to a yellow telegram which had arrived two days previously from New York. It was from headquarters of the Bankers' Protective association and was very explicit.

"Our best operative arrives Marland morning May Third."

Mr. Fiske heaved a sign of relief as he prepared to shift a very great burden to the shoulders of another man—one professionally equipped to bear such burdens. He looked up at Miss Seward.

"Show Mr. Hanvey in, please."

Miss Seward put out a bony hand which trembled in protest.

"Surely, Mr. Fiske—not that man! The—the terrible person who gave me that card."

Fiske frowned.

"I don't understand, Miss Seward. This man is a great detective."

"There's a mistake, Mr. Fiske. This person couldn't detect anything. I'm very sure of that. Just wait until you see him."

She vanished in triumph, and Randolph Fiske stared after her. "What in the world. . . ?" Then he smiled. At least she had prepared him for a somewhat uncouth person. Probably a squat gentleman with a brown derby, square toed shoes, a checkered vest and a dime's worth of chewing tobacco. Queer how these detective chaps always dressed so that there was no mistaking their profession. Randolph Fiske saw the door swing open. Then it closed and Mr. Fiske was rendered inarticulate.

Jim Hanvey was everything in the world which one is quite sure a detective should not be. His two hundred and sixty pounds of avoirdupois was distributed with heavily inartistic effect; it wabbled when he moved . . . and he seemed to move with vast reluctance.

But it was the head which rose above triple chins that filled Randolph Fiske with awe. The face was huge and round and utterly expressionless. Randolph Fiske was quite sure that never before in his life had he seen a human countenance so utterly devoid of intelligence. It was—yes, by George!—it was the eyes! Round little eyes which were as vacant and colorless as the orbs of a fish.

The mass of flesh stood in the doorway. Fiske knew he was breathing; he could tell that by the fact that a rather remarkable contraption which appeared in the neighborhood of Jim Hanvey's prodigious tummy kept moving rhythmically. Randolph Fiske kept his eyes fascinatedly on that particular apparatus. It hung from a hawserlike watch chain and was similar to nothing which the banker had ever before set eyes upon. It was long and slim and seemed to be made of gold.

Then, without warning, the silence was punctured by a sleepy, drawly voice.

"It's a toothpick, Mr. Fiske."

"Huh?" The banker jerked himself together. "Wh-what's a toothpick?"

"This," Hanvey touched the trinket affectionately and detached it from his chain. "Swellest piece of jooiry I've got. A crook friend gave it to me. It's solid gold—eighteen karat. Great invention; feller don't always have to be running around hunting toothpicks when he's got one of these. Look!" He touched a spring and a wicked little blade leaped out at Randolph Fiske. That gentleman gave a perceptible jump.

"It—it's very—very remarkable," he murmured.

Hanvey reattached the toothpick to the chain. The banker was staring and wondering . . . and then the opaque eyes of Jim Hanvey were raised slowly until they met the gaze of the banker. Hanvey spoke.

"I am kind of funny-looking, ain't I, Mr. Fiske?"

Mr. Randolph Fiske was completely stripped of the poise upon which he prided himself. He did not answer, but picked up the slightly soiled card which lay on his desk.

"You are James H. Hanvey?"

"Uh-huh. In person. Largely, I might say."

"You're the man the B. P. A. sent down here to investigate the robbery?"

"Yes."

Mr. Fiske was getting himself under control. He sought refuge in frankness.

"I imagine my actions have been exceedingly discourteous, Mr. Hanvey. I apologize and only wish to explain that you somewhat startled me. You see, you are not—not exactly the sort of detective about which I've read."

"I wish I was," breathed Hanvey ecstatically. "Gosh! I love mystery stories. Them fellers sure are slick. I never could figure out how they do their tricks."

Another shock for the banker. He blinked.

"And you don't work like the detectives in books?"

"Golly, no. I ain't slick, Mr. Fiske. I don't hardly know any dicks who are. Lemme tell you something." Hanvey leaned confidentially across the desk and his sleepy eyes held the attention of the banker. "My kind of work ain't so hard. And why? Suppose I go on a case. I start off wrong. All right, nobody's the wiser, and when I find out I'm on the wrong track—I start again. Same thing always. A detective can make all the mistakes in the world, Mr. Fiske—but if he happens to do one thing right—he lands the man he's after; see?"

"Yes—I see."

"But the crook, gosh! the poor feller hasn't got a chance. If he slips just one time, he's caught. He has to do everything right. The detective only has to do one thing right. And there you are."

Fiske had been studying his visitor. He was amazed now to find himself warming to the ungainly

"I Am Kind of Funny-Looking, Ain't I, Mr. Fiske?"

person. There was an almost childish simplicity about Hanvey which gave Fiske confidence—although he told himself that the man was a caricature.

"The B. P. A. wired me," he said slowly, "that you are their best operative."

"Hooey!" grinned Hanvey. "I've just been lucky—that's all. You see, it's this way: Most all the crooks are my friends, and they don't lie to me—so that makes things pretty easy."

The banker gasped. "Crooks are your friends? I never heard of such a thing."

"I guess not. But can't you see how much easier it makes things?"

"You say they don't lie to you?"

"Well, the high class crooks don't. Only the bums.'

"Good Lord!" Fiske leaned back in his chair and regarded Hanvey with wide eyed wonder. "You are quite the most remarkable man I've ever met."

"And the fattest?"

For the first time Fiske smiled.

"And the fattest."

Hanvey's eyes twinkled for a moment. He fumbled in the breast pocket of his coat and produced two thin and vicious-looking projectiles. He extended these toward his companion.

"Have a cigar?"

Fiske thanked him and accepted one. Hanvey bit the end from the other, held a match to it and inhaled with vast relish. He blew a cloud of smoke across the room and Fiske turned startled eyes in his direction.

"They are kind of strong," said the detective genially. "Some folks like 'em."

Fiske struggled heroically against the asphyxiating effect of the violent fumes. Then they got the better of him.

"May I open another window?" he inquired weakly.

"Sure. That'll be fine." Hanvey eyed the second cigar which lay unlighted on the desk. "Ain't you going to smoke yours?"

"I'll try one of my own, if you don't mind."

As the banker moved toward the window, Jim sighed relievedly. He rescued the unused cigar and tucked it back in his breast pocket with real affection. Jim's cigars were a source of perpetual worry: he was always afraid that some day some one would smoke one of them.

Fiske seated himself again. "You'd like to hear about the robbery?" he asked.

"Yeah—if you want."

"Isn't that what you came for?"

"Reckon so."

"Then why don't you ask me some questions?"

"Gosh! Mr. Fiske—how do I know what to ask? I'm waiting for you to tell me, and you're waiting until you're sure I didn't escape from some zoo."

Randolph Fiske threw back his head and laughed. "You win, Hanvey. Now—shoot!"

Jim's face did not change.

"When?"

"Day before yesterday—May first at ten minutes after two o'clock."

"How much?"

"The robber got away with approximately one hundred thousand dollars in currency."

Hanvey blinked. "Lot of cash for a little bank like this."

"Plenty. We were making up the pay roll for the Marland mills. They pay on the third."

"Stick-up?" queried the detective.

"Yes."

"Tell me all about it."

Fiske rose and invited Hanvey to follow him. They passed from his private office into the bank proper. Under the amazed eyes of Miss Helen Seward, Fiske conducted Hanvey to the front door and gestured to the broad thoroughfare passing east and west.

"That is Archer street," said Fiske. "The north and south street is Oak. Oak is a shopping street, but Archer is the main traffic artery. Lots of cars going by here all the time. You will notice that this bank is the only commercial establishment on Archer street. Do you follow me?"

"Easy," grunted Jim. "You sure do talk explicit."

Fiske stepped back into the bank. "Our banking business starts at nine in the morning and stops at two. At two o'clock daily—and on Saturday at twelve—we get rid of our last customer. Then we conceal the interior of the bank by pulling the shades—so."

He stepped behind the open door and pulled a shade which rose up from the bottom of the door. The heavy green shade rose along the glass surface until it was higher than a man's head.

"There are similar curtains on both windows," he went on. "As soon as we get the last customer out, we pull the curtains up, and then all of the employees except two or three go out for a bite of lunch. They invariably go out the back door. That door, which is behind my office, opens onto a little alley through which you can pass into Oak street. Day before yesterday the bank was free of customers at two o'clock. We drew the curtains and shut the front doors."

"Were they locked"

"No. They never are. We have safety vaults in the basement and they are open until five o'clock. There has to be some way for clients to get into the building. We merely shut the doors and draw the curtains to keep our banking clients out."

Fiske turned away, but Hanvey examined the door. He saw that it was equipped on the inside with a heavy spring lock. He turned and followed the banker.

Back in Fiske's office, the banker resumed his story. Hanvey lolled in a chair, apparently asleep. But occasionally his eyes uncurtained for a moment and he regarded the banker gravely before closing them again.

"May first was a perfect day," said Fiske. "Warm and sunshiny and almost like summer. As I said, we shut the door and drew the curtains at two o'clock sharp, so that the interior of the bank was effectually concealed from anyone on the street. At the same time everybody went out to lunch except Miss Seward and myself. Miss Seward is my secretary. She was the one who brought you in here.

"She was behind her desk and I had just gone out to speak with her. At about ten minutes after two o'clock the front door opened. I didn't think anything of it—a box holder, most likely. The man—"

"Remember what he looked like?"

"Only vaguely. He was slim and quietly dressed. He didn't look like a crook."

"Crooks never do."

"He walked straight up to the cage where I was talking to Miss Seward. First thing I knew about anything being wrong was when Miss Seward uttered a little shriek. I turned around and saw the man was pointing a gun at us.

"The robber was polite, but very positive. He told us to back into the vault which we have on this floor. Then he saw me looking toward the electric buttons which we have all over the place—they are police signals—and he warned me that if I made a move to touch one, he'd kill me. I believed him."

"Wise man," murmured Jim.

"He herded us into the safe and followed us. I noticed then for the first time that he carried a little black satchel. He stuffed it with all the currency we had in the safe—about one hundred thousand dollars—and then started back into the bank. Of course, I knew he intended locking Miss Seward and myself in.

"This happened quickly—but it didn't seem quick to us. Miss Seward was crying, but he had warned her not to scream, and she didn't. The robber moved into the main part of the bank. And then—"

He paused and Hanvey prompted. "Then—what?"

"Harmon Burke came back from lunch. He's the cashier and teller. He came in the back way."

"What happened when he came in?"

"Plenty," said Fiske grimly. "First thing I knew of Burke's return was when he and the robber started shooting at each other."

Hanvey made a chuckling noise with his lips.

"This Burke must be a real fightin' piece of furniture."

"He is. Though I never suspected it before."

"Is he here?"

"Yes. They had him at the hospital until yesterday evening. He was hit in the fleshy part of the leg. He came back this morning."

Fiske touched the buzzer on his desk and Miss Seward answered the summons.

"Ask Mr. Burke if he'd mind stepping in here."

A few seconds later the door opened and a figure entered. Harmon Burke, having seen Hanvey enter the bank, exhibited no surprise at the grotesque appearance of the Gargantuan detective.

But Hanvey blinked several times. So this was the man who leaped into battle, with a bank robber! He inspected the cashier with keen interest.

Harmon Burke was a little bit of a man, scarcely more than five feet in height and of a weight which could not have been greater than a hundred pounds. He had roving eyes which seemed rather bright; wrists of amazing thinness and hands which seemed too large for his body.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THROUGH A Woman's Eyes

By JEAN NEWTON

WHY NOT THE CHILD?

THE tantrums of the "spoiled" child, says the child psychologist, are merely a means of "putting himself across." They are the expression of his ego, his effort for a sense of importance. And parents are told that if they will satisfy the child's craving for importance in a constructive way, they can cure his desire to be the storm center of dramatic scenes.

Speaking of a "cure" for the "spoiled child," it seems to me fairer to have the psychologist himself undertake the job, rather than tell the poor parent how to do it. But as with so many ills, prevention is much easier than cure.

Those of us with years "of discretion" suffer from a desire for prestige. Why not the child who can't be expected to know better? All humanity is groping, struggling away short lives in a beautiful world for a "place in the sun," a movement of distinction. Why not the child, who makes no pretense of possessing a sense of values?

To anyone who allows himself a detached viewpoint of human nature, it is plain that the most universal Achilles' heel, the most vulnerable spot of the whole human family is that little weakness of seeking strength in self-importance. More loves have been threatened and more friendships broken by one offense than any other. That is an offense against one's armour propre. So why not the child?

The wise parent tries to put this fact to constructive use. Instead of publicizing a child's lapses from grace, she holds up to notice in the family circle his achievements in the realm of character and good behavior. Instead of emphasizing incidents that show lack of self-control, she dramatizes his victories. It is his importance in maintaining his responsibility, his importance in bringing joy to the household, his importance in setting an example in living up to the best that is in him—that is the accent that will make a child hitch his wagon to the star of virtue and good behavior rather than resort to the tantrum to find his place in the sun.

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For the Rainy Day

A reversible full length cape of checked cotton faced in white broadcloth. The apache hat and the umbrella with rubbers folded into its handle are also in the checked fabric.

Lavish Use of Shirring, Tucking

By CHERIE NICHOLAS

THERE is a vast amount of shirring, tucking, and we might add, braiding going on in the realm of costume design today. Every once in a while creators of our style-beautiful do just that—delve into the past for inspiration.

This time research among fashions of yore has caused creators of our style-beauti:ul to feel a strong urge to shirr or tuck or braid not only in a trimming way, but according to news from Paris some of the most successful frocks in late collections are either shirred or tucked or braided from head to foot.

The heavy sheers and chiffons which are so enthusiastically exploited for general daytime wear, respond beautifully to these treatments. The effectiveness of allover shirring is convincingly illustrated in the model shown to the left in the picture. In gray, in the new string shade, in black, navy or any of the fashionable colors, for that matter, this costume would be as successfully outstanding. Not only does it carry all the feminine graces but it is thoroughly practical and wearable.

It makes quite a difference as to what sort of a blouse is worn with this jacket suit of shirred heavy sheer. For instance the blouse shown gives it a tailored look, thus tuning the costume to the practical hours of the day. Substitute for this tailored satin blouse a frilly affair of lace, or matching chiffon, or a net in some intriguing pastel tint and this lovely ensemble takes on the air of a most beguiling afternoon costume which is on its way to a bridge party, perhaps, or tea at some fashionable rendezvous or a musicale, a matinee or any of the smart gatherings where guests are expected to dress pictorially to the occasion.

You'll love the other frock here pictured. Every one does at very first glimpsing. It is of tucked black chiffon. Its apparent simplicity is positively baffling, for it is really ultra sophicated so far as high style is concerned. The white organdie accents at neckline and sleeves are to be expected, for organdie furbelows have become a passion with fashion's followers this season. The hat is in milan. This fine straw is outstanding in latest millinery showings.

Used in a trimming way, shirring and tucking are also immensely popular. Particularly do the smartest blouses show generous and decorative groups of shirrings. Then too, the fanciful little wraps mostly of taffeta or velvet, which are more in evidence than ever, are largely a matter of intricate and novel shirrings.

As has been mentioned before, this revival of quaint trimming treatments has also brought braiding into fashion again. So much so, that many charming net evening dresses are designfully braided with soutache in self color, if not the entire frock then at least the sleeves and yoke and probably a cape effect of some sort.

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"Complexion Curse"

She thought she was just unlucky when he called on her once—avoided her thereafter. But *no one* admires pimply, blemished skin. More and more women are realizing that pimples and blotches are often danger signals of *clogged* bowels—poisonous wastes ravaging the system. Let NR (Nature's Remedy) afford complete, thorough elimination and promptly ease away beauty-ruining poisonous matter. Fine for sick headache, bilious conditions, dizziness. Try this safe, dependable, all-vegetable corrective. At all druggists'—only 25c.

NR TO-NIGHT

"TUMS" Quick relief for acid indigestion, heartburn. Only 10c.

Miserable with Backache?

It May Warn of Kidney or Bladder Irregularities

A persistent backache, with bladder irregularities and a tired, nervous, depressed feeling may warn of some disordered kidney or bladder condition. Users everywhere rely on *Doan's Pills*. Praised for more than 50 years by grateful users the country over. Sold by all druggists.

Doan's Pills

A Diuretic for the Kidneys

Mother's Cook Book

SOUPS AND SALADS

BEEF soup or consomme may be made the base of many interesting dishes such as molded meat, fish or vegetable combinations, when thickened with gelatin. Beef soup treated with gelatin is fine for stuffed vegetables, such as tomatoes and green peppers. Oxtail soup makes a fine filling for stuffed cabbage. The soup when served with dumplings is especially well liked. Add a binding of flour and butter.

With the mock turtle soup add a bit of lemon juice and a dash of worcestershire or tabasco. Serve with a slice of hard-cooked egg, a slice of lemon cut very thin and pour the hot soup over them. Serve at once.

Frozen Asparagus Salad.

Now that it is so easy to freeze various things in the ice chests, one may enjoy a variety of frozen dishes.

Cook a small bunch of fresh asparagus in as little water as possible, until tender. Remove the tips and rub the stalks through a strainer. Season well with salt and pepper and a little lemon juice. Cool, add a cupful of cream and one of mayonnaise dressing. Fold in the asparagus tips, pack in molds and freeze.

Cress and Walnut Salad.

Take one-half cupful of walnut meats, or pecans are better; squeeze over them one lemon, and let stand a short time. Wash and drain the water cress, and just as it goes to the table pour over it a french dressing and sprinkle with the nuts. Allowing the dressing to stand on any green salad wilts it and destroys its attractiveness.

Molded Vegetable Salad.

Take two bunches of young carrots, scrape, cut and cook until tender in two cupfuls of water. Drain and press the carrots through a ricer. To the w ter in which the carrots were cooked add salt, paprika, a tablespoonful of worcestershire sauce, one teaspoonful of chili powder, two level teaspoonfuls of gelatin; reheat and dissolve the gelatin, then pour into a ring mold and set away to chill with the vegetable mixture placed in layers with the gelatin. Chill and serve on lettuce with the center filled with cubed picked beets.

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Have You Sparkling Eyes?

DO you want vivacity — that pep that women envy and men admire? Perfect health has a beauty all its own. If you want a clear, velvety skin don't depend on lotions and creams but correct the irregularities and dragging-down pains—weakening drains—by following the advice of Miss Alma Garrett of 655 N. 5th St., Colton, Calif. She says: "While attending school my health failed. I was a mere shadow. My nerves and general health were so rundown that I was compelled to lose time at school, but after taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription a short time I was relieved of this weakness and have enjoyed perfect health ever since."

Write Dr. Pierce's Clinic, Buffalo, N. Y.

W. N. U., San Francisco, No. 11--1933

BAYER SPEED! BAYER

The quickest relief for a headache is two tablets of Bayer Aspirin. The tablet bearing the Bayer cross dissolves very rapidly and brings rapid relief. There is no known medicine that works quite like Bayer Aspirin for the awful head and face pains of neuralgia. There is nothing with quite the same effectiveness in relieving rheumatism.

Bayer Aspirin does not depress the heart, does not upset the stomach, does not have any ill effect. Its purity and uniformity are tested thirty-six times!

Time counts when you're in pain. Stick to genuine Bayer Aspirin!

And Bayer means **Safe!**

POINT RICHMOND PROGRESS

Issued every Friday from the office at
140 Washington Ave., Phone Richmond 3456
HARRY R. BURT, PUBLISHER
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J. P. Ogden, West Side Print Shop, Mechanical Supt.
Advertising copy must be in office by Wednesday noon

BOAT-ROCKING SENATORS

Until Wednesday of this week, the writer, for one, has been an ardent admirer of the members of the upper house of our National Congress. At times when almost the entire press was castigating Senators for inertia and what some termed outright bullheadedness, we felt that the checking influence of the Senate, as designed by the founders of our nation, was rightly used. Now, we find the present Senators voting 42 to 35 to retain their filthy 20c per mile traveling expenses while imposing economy on veterans and employees! What, simply, may we ask, is the distinction between the Court of Louis XV living in splendor and the poor of Paris living in squalor in the eighteenth century and the "fat" Senator of today riding in Pullmans at 20c per mile while community-chest-poor, widows and children, struggle even to live in 1933? Disgraceful Senate! Rescind your action. Deserve the toga, and cut out this petty mileage-graft With the 120,000,000 Americans who rejoice this day in constructive, executive action emanating from Washington, and ready to sacrifice and stint if necessary to do our part for God's sake, do yours!

◆

FLATTERY AND THE POLITICAL MACHINE

It is amusing sometimes to listen to some moderately important citizen rave against the machinations of the prevalent political set-up, what he would do if he could overthrow the gang, how terrible conditions are, et cetera and so on. And then to see the same person on another day, after some henchmen of the reigning clique has given him some "confidential" information at to the real "inside in" program. How he swells with importance at the idea of transmitting, as one in the know, what is going on. Oh, flattery, what a wonderful implement thou art in the hands of one who really knows human nature, the power of supposed importance graciously granted, at the proper time, to the pollywog who would become a frog over night. Not that the writer is immune to the beautiful coma inspired by the drug of flattery. Hardly, nor is anyone else as far as we know. But those who fondly imagine that the political power of any machine in a democratic republic is gained solely by the jobs provided, or the help lent at opportune times, or, conversely, by the pressure of having a job taken away, or a mortgage foreclosed, or what is commonly supposed the bribe money that passes, and very uncommonly occurs: for one instance of these potential sources of political dictatorship there are one hundred cases of pure flattery. Maybe, in national or state circles the flattery consists of an invitation of value to "society climbers:" in the ward or precinct, the friendly, unexpected gesture from the all-powerful boss is sufficient to insure the cooperation. It thrives upon the ambition of small men to be big men, it has always been with us, and always will be, because it is inherent in human nature.

(COMMENTS ARE INVITED ON ALL EDITORIALS.)

OBSERVATIONS
By Lee D. Windrem

(Continued from first page)

got it. We can stand a world of punishment!

That was a washout!

✧ ✧ ✧

Our citizens are wondering if it had not been better to have not pruned at all; to have left the salaries as they were, distributed among a very large number of employees, rather than pour it all down one bottomless rathole. You who read these lines may answer that any way you please, but for my part, if a slash in salaries is all the economy our council can comprehend then indeed are we lost.

✧ ✧ ✧

Permit me to give an example a small matter perhaps, but one tending to point out how members of the council think about city economy: There is not a bank in our city employing a nightwatchman. These institutions depend, and justly, on our police department for protection. I am advised that the council has for many years employed a nightwatchman at the city hall at a salary of $165 per month. What a burglar would want with the city hall I cannot imagine. However, the fact is that most of us would be willing to give any enterprising burglar the city hall and, if he could me persuaded, we would be willing to throw in the city council and most of the officials; but, of course, even a burglar knows when he has enough. It would seem that some arrangement could be made by which the police department could provide protection to the city hall and keep it from being carted away some dark night. This would, of course bring about a small economy, but we become discouraged discussing economy when we know brother Parr will arrive on the scene as soon as a saving has been effected and take it all away for the benefit of his waterfront—also a considerable bonus.

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers!

Meet Mr. Bernes

Today we pay our respects to another of Point Richmond's outstanding business men, Mr. Louis Bernes, proprietor of the Richmond French Laundry. Establishing his place of business on Standard Avenue in 1912, Mr. Bernes has insisted on maintaining the highest quality of workmanship throughout the plant. Almost without exception, wives of the leading executives of the Standard Oil have sent their laundry here, even after having moved to Mira Vista, and yet laundry cost is surprisingly reasonable. While perforce much of the business of the Richmond French Laundry comes from down town Richmond nevertheless Mr. Bernes and his splendid family and employees, who are Point Richmond folk, deserve and should get practically 100 per cent patronage from our neighbors on the West Side.

Reverend Harry Pressfield attended the Poets Dinner at the Athens Club in Oakland, March 14. He submitted three poems, two of which were given recognition. Two hundred and sixty poets were present and five hundred and sixty poems were submitted. Mr. James T. Narbett, of Richmond is the president of this group.

One of the Reverend Pressfield's poems, "An Exile Thinks of Blossom Time", will appear in our next issue.

W. H. Brooks, an officer on the S. O. Co. tanker, Moffett, tells interestingly of the effects of the quake on the boat which was docked at San Pedro last Friday evening. The force of the earthquake transmitted to the water, and the entire ship shook as if with the ague, the compasses were thrown out of their gimballs, and the oil line broke strewing oil all over the surface of the water near the dock. The boat steamed away from this danger out in the bay, but many of the 36 shocks were felt, even when away from the land. Mr. Brooks states that the American Legion is deserving of great credit for rescue work, as the many posts down there worked together with radio communication to help the distressed.

The nominating committee for the election of officers for the coming year were appointed at the regular business meeting of the Washington school Parent Teachers Association, Tuesday afternoon. They are Mrs. T. Hultberg, Mrs. Theodore Beck, and Mrs. T. Nixon.

Miss Maude Wood, executive of the Camp Fire Girls in Richmond and Point Richmond, gave a very well received address, about the organization and its aims. Mr. Willard Merral, Boy Scout executive, and Mr. Wolf, gave very interesting talks concerning the Boy Scouts. Refreshments were served by Mrs. Beck, Mrs. Hultberg, and Mrs. Walker.

The District Convention will be held in April at Hayward.

"Buy in Point Richmond Stores and Help Bring Back Point Richmond Prosperity."

WILL YOU HAVE AN INCOME AT AGE 65?

Look about among your acquaintances at Age 65, and how many of them are dependent on friends, relatives or the public for a living. But you need not be. You can decide now what income you will have at Age 65, and make sure of getting it. An old age income policy in the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will protect your family in event of your death in the meantime. The plan will be explained to you by

Phones Rich, 644-1926 N. A. "JACK" DIFFIN
337 10th St. Point Richmond Representative

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Mattresses Renovated
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Political Announcements

Ray J. Craycroft
CANDIDATE FOR
City Councilman
EQUAL REPRESENTATION FOR LABOR TAXPAYER AND INDUSTRY

Complete and active support of every measure calculated to ben fit taxpayers and those who sustain life by toil.
I stand for economy in taxation and the curtailment of overlapping and unnecessary expense in city goverment.
Actual co-operation and support to measures for the general benefit of our city and citizens.
If you approve of this platform; if you have faith in my pledges; if you desire a change—I would ask you to solicit your friends in my behalf.

Sam S. Ripley
CANDIDATE FOR
City Council

Veteran of the World War, Resident of Contra Costa County for 26 years, Taxpayer of Richmond 20 years, in Business in Richmond 12 years.

Primary Election April 24 - General Election May 8

Leo G. Marcollo
CANDIDATE FOR
City Council

Age 34; 28 years resident of the City of Richmond; property owner and taxpayer.
Graduate of the local grammar and high schools; legal training received at the University of California and Saint Mary's College.
Memder of the Legislative Council Bureau of the State of California during 1931 session of the Legislature.
I st nd for econnomy in taxation, and a cur ail ment of all unnecessary expenses in City Gov ernment.

Carl Stender
CANDIDATE FOR
City Council

Resident of Point Richmond for many years
Former Standard Oil Employe.
Now in Insurance Business.

22

MRS. GNAGA
208 W. Richmond Ave.
Specializing
in
HEMSTITCHING
and
STAMPED GOODS
Original designs
and patterns
Phone Richmond 2322

Phillip Windrem, son of Attorney Lee D. Windrem, spent Monday with his father here. Phil is now doing well with the sales department of the Standard Oil Company in the Hayward district

CHASSEUR GROCERY
128 STANDARD AVE.
PHONE RICH. 114

1 lb 29c
2 lb 59c

Folger's
TEA
Black or Green
Package
½ Lb. 22c

STAR
OLIVE
OIL
Well known brand
Gal. $1.88

JACK CHASSEUR

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WANT AD RATES, Each 25c
Three issues for 50c

AUTO SEATS AND TOPS
Progress Want Ads Bring Results
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FOR RENT, Furnished

FOR RENT—3 room fur. Flat. $10 mo. with water paid. 4 rm. fur. cottage. Apply 409 Rich ave 3T-3-10

For rent rooms including baths, hot and cold water. 50c a day, or $2.50 per week. $8.00 and $10 per month. See Mrs Minnie Silva, 132 Washington avenue. New Palace Rooms. 3T3-2

COTTAGES : FLATS: APARTMENTS
Furnished or Unfurnished
at Depression Prices.

5 room furn. Cottage hwd floors $20. per month; 5 room furnished Cottage very nice, $15 per month 5 room furn. flat very nice $12 per month; 4 room furn. Cottage $10 per month; 4 room modern Cottage very nice $5.00.

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Sidney H. Gnaga
INSURANCE Notary REAL ESTATE
210 Richmond Ave, Ph R-2322

FOR RENT, Unfurnished

COTTAGE — 5 rooms; modern; close to school; call at 112 Washington Ave., or phone R. 285 3T—24

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Progress Want Ads Bring Results
MISCELLANEOUS
Progress Want Ads Bring Results
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TAXICAB

SPIERSCH BROTHERS
SANITARY PLUMBERS
and
METAL WORKERS
Patent Chimneys, Automatic Gas Water Heaters, Radiant Fire Heaters, Warm Air and Electro-Gas Floor Furnaces
ESTIMATES GIVEN
Jobbing Properly Attended to
320 13th St., Richmond, Cal.

Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Whitesides and daughter, of San Fernando, are visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Whitesides of Washington avenue.

Springtime is here
Also Spring Style Stetson
Hats are Here
Lowest Prices in 20 Years
$5.00 and up
Whipcord Trousers
Regular $3.50
UNION MADE Special $2.45
G. J. ALLYN
MEN'S FURNISHINGS
130 Washington Ave.

Church News

Trinity, Episcopal News

Reverend Milton R. Terry, will give the sermon at the 11 o'clock service at the Trinity Episcopal church next Sunday. Sunday school is at 9:45 A. M.

Mr. William McChristian, who has been taking treatments for some time is reported rapidly improving.

Point Richmond Baptist Church

The members of the Point Richmond Baptist Ladies Aid, are all expected to attend the regular business meeting at two o'clock next Wednesday, in the parlors of the church. Mrs. H. Morelli and Mrs. Richard Paasch will have charge of the meeting.

First Methodist

"One's Own Company". This will be the sermon topic by the pastor at the Sunday morning service.

We are glad to report that each Sunday evening finds our Seth Parker Club growing in attendance. But, there is room for more and we invite you to come and share this enjoyable service with us. Next Sunday evening the Albany group will be with us. We have some of the illustrated songs again. Today, Friday, March 17, the Missionary society is meeting at the home of Mrs. J. E. George Elsewhere in this issue is given the notice of the entertainment by the boys of the Pioneer club.

OUR LADY OF MERCY
Catholic
Rev. Aidan A. Doyle, Pastor

Father Harold Collins formerly assistant in St. Mark's Parish, preached the panegyric at the mass in honor of St. Patrick this morning at 9:00 A. M. mass at Our Lady of Mercy church. Special music in honor of Erin's saint was sung by St. Mark's choir of which Mrs. Alf J. Bennett is organist and Mrs. Wm. Smith, soprano soloist.

Considerable improvement has been made in the Parish Hall at Our Lady of Mercy Church, the hall being enlarged and room for many more tables. The next whist will be on Tuesday, March 28, at 8 P. M.

Lodge News

First nominations of officers was held last Friday night at the meeting of the Point Richmond Druids. Nominated were: Charles Gatty and Albert Brignoni for Noble Arch; Alfred Ceridono for Secretary; Treasurer, Joe Feliciano; Inside Guardinan, George F. Imbach; Outside Guardian, L. Bisio Other officers will be announced when elected at the next meeting. Druids meet every 2nd and 4th Friday.

Druids Circle

At the meeting of the Point Richmond Druids Circle last Monday, plans were made for a whist party to be held Monday, March 20, at the home of Miss Flo Agresta, 1445 Liberty Ave., El Cerrito. Miss Ermenia Robbiano will assist Miss Agresta.

WESTSIDE ELECTRIC
FIXTURES - REPAIRS
153 Washington Avenue
Phone evenings 1424-M

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General Insurance
111 Nevada Avenue
Phone Richmond 3180-J

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WE STAND THE TEST!
AT I. G. A. STORES SATISFACTION IS ALWAYS LINKED WITH SAVINGS. A "PRICE" HERE MEANS A REAL VALUE IN FOOD OF THE HIGHEST QUALITY

EGGS, Ranch, U. S. Extra Large, dozen..... 16c
BUTTER, BrookField, solid, pound..... 23c
TROCO, oleo margarine, pound..... 9c
CHEESE, Buffum, Mild, pound 18c
MAYONNAISE, I G A pint bottle..... 24c
HAMS, Picnic, Tasty and delicious.....2 Lbs. 25c
I. G. A. CORN Main, Golden Bantam or Crosby 2 for 19c
I. G. A. BEETS, Sliced or Diced No 2 Cans 9c
I. G. A. TOMATOES, No. 2 1-2 Cans 2 for 25c
I. G. A. PEAS No. 2 Can 15c
I. G. A. ASPARAGUS, medium picnic can 10c
CUT GREEN BEANS, No. 2 cans, 2 for 27c
SWEET POTATOES No. 3 squat can 10c
I. G. A. HOMINY No 2 1-2 can 9c
LARGE RIPE OLIVES 9 oz cans 2 for 23c
I. G. A. PEACHES, No. 2 1-2 cans 2 for 25c
I. G. A. PEARS No 2 1-2 cans 17c
APRICOTS, Halves No 2 1-2 cans 2 for 27c
CHERRIES Royal Anne No. 2 1-2 cans 19c
VENETIAN PLUMS No. 2 1-2 cans 14c
FRUIT COCKTAIL No. 2 1-2 can 25c
VEGETABLES, all kinds, bunch..... 2c
GRAPEFRUIT, Large and Juicy, ...2 For 5c
ORANGES, 200 size, Juicy, 1 For..... 1c
CABBAGE Solid Each..... 5c
MORE SPECIALS AT THE STORE

Whiteside's Grocery
155 West Richmond Avenue Phone Richmond 985
A UNITED GROCER - - FREE DELIVERY

THE "Safety-Sealed"
QUALITY COFFEE
1 lb can 3 lb can
32c - 87c

TREE TEA
Orange Pekoe
{Black}
½ lb 29c
1 lb 55c

JELL-O
Per Package 5c
Limit 5 Pkg.
IDE'S Mayonaise Pt 21c

WHITESIDE'S is one of more than 600 UNITED GROCERS. Independent, home-owned stores which buy collectively and pass on the savings to you, as customers. Compare UNITED GROCERS prices and service with any other food stores anywhere. We stand the test.

48

Bedtime Story
by Thornton W. Burgess

TWO TO ONE

IT WAS very early in the morning. Jolly, round, red Mr. Sun had but just kicked off his rosy blankets and was hardly yet started for his daily climb up in the blue, blue sky. The birds were just starting out after the early worms and twittering and singing happily as they went. Behind the old stone wall where it makes a corner close by the dusty road that runs past one side of the Old Orchard, two forms

Of Course He Saw Reddy and Mrs. Reddy Instantly.

in red lay crouching among the bushes at a point where the wall had partly fallen.

Who were they? Why, you know. They were Reddy Fox and Mrs. Reddy. From the place where they lay they could see over the fallen wall and their eyes were fixed on the entrance to a certain house, a new house in the corner made by the old wall, a new house with a doorstep of shining sand.

Presently, a head appeared, a head becoming rather gray. Then out on the doorstep of shining sand appeared a stout form, which sat up very straight for a few minutes while a pair of bright eyes looked keenly in all directions save at the old stone wall which formed two sides of the corner.

Reddy Fox nudged Mrs. Reddy. "What did I tell you?" he whispered. "Did you ever see anything so easy? Johnny Chuck must be in his second childhood. He seems to have forgotten entirely that it is possible for anyone to jump over this wall."

It did seem that way, for after a minute or two Johnny dropped down on all fours and trotted off towards the patch of sweet clover where he was in the habit of getting his breakfast, and although it was some distance away he never once looked back. Reddy and Mrs. Reddy watched him and grinned. Johnny couldn't possibly have done anything to suit their plans better than he was now doing. Straight to the patch of clover he trotted. There he sat up for a moment or two for a last look to see that all was well. Satisfied that it was, he dropped down and began to eat, and once he had begun to eat he forgot everything but the taste of that delicious clover.

Reddy looked at Mrs. Reddy, then lightly leaped over the old stone wall. Mrs. Reddy followed right at his heels. In a second they were between Johnny Chuck and his house. Then side by side they began to steal towards where Johnny Chuck was stuffing himself with clover. Johnny hadn't heard a sound, and he was still wholly unsuspicious.

At just that instant Sammy Jay arrived for his usual morning call on Johnny Chuck. In an instant Sammy saw Johnny's danger and began to shriek as only Sammy can when he sees a Fox. Johnny knew what it meant. Of course he sat up as suddenly as if he possessed a spring for a backbone. Of course he saw Reddy and Mrs. Reddy instantly. Also he saw that they were between him and his house, and that it was two to one. For an instant all his courage left him. He turned and started to run. But what was the use? There was no place to run to. Johnny turned and showed all his teeth in an ugly snarl. Two to one wasn't fair. It wasn't fair at all. But he would fight just as long as there was any fight in him. You know, Johnny Chuck is no coward.

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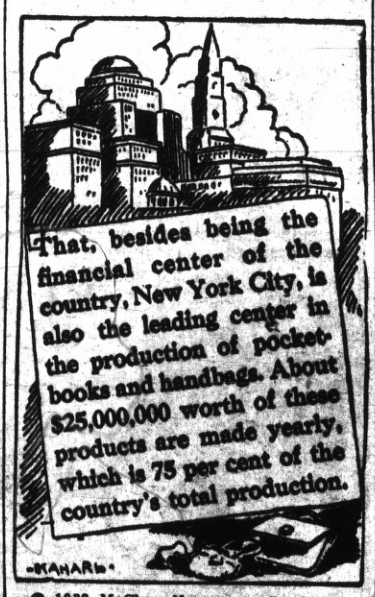
Do You Know—



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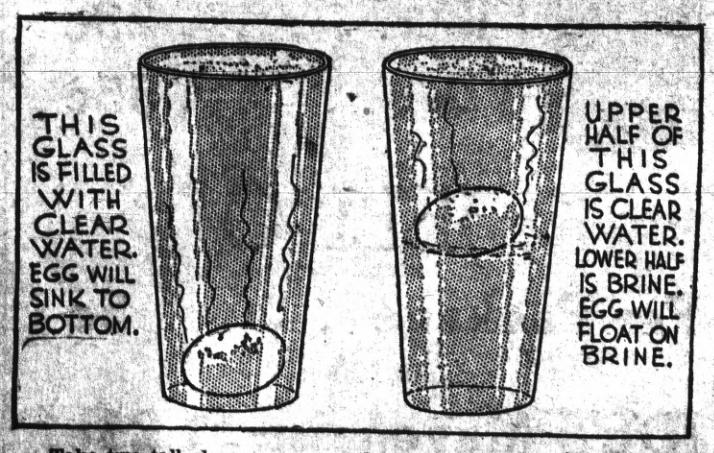
TRICKS of MAGIC EXPLAINED by Will L. Lindhorst

THE MAGIC EGG, A CLEVER TRICK



Take two tall glasses or mason jars, fill one and half fill the other with water. In the half-filled glass pour a few tablespoonfuls of salt. When the salt is dissolved and has turned the water into brine fill the remainder of the glass with clear water, pouring it in slowly down the side of the glass so as not to disturb the brine. Then take the two glasses and an egg before your audience. Drop the egg in the glass of clear water and it will sink to the bottom. Drop it in the glass containing the brine and it will float midway in the glass, supported by the brine. Both glasses appear to hold clear water and it is mystifying to onlookers as to why the egg should stop midway in one glass.

(Copyright, Will L. Lindhorst.)

Marketer of Grain

Recognizing the unusual ability of Miss Lucy Hennon, who has marketed nearly a billion bushels of grain in seven years, directors of the Ohio Equity exchange have re-elected her their secretary and manager. At the helm of the co-operative marketing concern, Miss Hennon in seven years has handled $5,732,446 in business.

Work

The finest endowment policy ever bestowed upon a man is the ability to work and the enjoyment of work. —Brownell.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Removes Dandruff-Stops Hair Falling
Imparts Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair
60c and $1.00 at Druggists.
Hiscox Chem. Wks., Patchogue, N.Y.

FLORESTON SHAMPOO — Ideal for use in connection with Parker's Hair Balsam. Makes the hair soft and fluffy. 50 cents by mail or at druggists. Hiscox Chemical Works, Patchogue, N.Y.

Wanted—500 Agents, distributors, amazing fuel-less, flameless cigarette lighter; send 25c, sample, wholesale prices. Hurricane Lighter, Inc., Suite C411, 320 5th Ave., New York.

Stop the Pain.
The hurt of a burn or a cut stops when Cole's Carbolisalve is applied. It heals quickly without scars. 30c and 60c by all druggists, or send 30c to J. W. Cole Co., Rockford, Ill.—Adv.

HOTEL ROOSEVELT
SAN FRANCISCO'S NEW FINE HOTEL
Every room with tub and shower $1.50 to $2.50
Jones at Eddy. Garage under same roof.

Head COLDS
Put Mentholatum in the nostrils to relieve congestion and clear the breathing passages.
MENTHOLATUM

THE MYSTERY

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

ALL of the pins, where do they go to?
Before the phonograph or photo
Men started making pins by the millions,
And since have manufactured billions,
But still they have to go on making,
Though tons and tons of steel it's taking,
And then can sell them without trying,
For others have to keep on buying.
But women have another wonder
That has them just amout snowed under,
It makes the thinnest woman thinner,
And gener'ly right after dinner.
We do not set so big a table:
In fact, of late we are not able,
Yet wonder, as we scrape each crumb from
Each plate, where all the dishes come from?

© 1933, Douglas Malloch.—WNU Service.

PAPA KNOWS—

"Pop, what is consequence?"
"Often a spanking."

© 1933, Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

MEN TO DISTRIBUTE ADVERTISING samples for manufacturers; good commission; no selling; work immediately. Direct Advertisers, Johnstown, N. Y.

Cuticura Cares For Your Skin

The medicinal and healing properties of the **Soap** not only thoroughly cleanse the skin, but are most beneficial and helpful to it. If you are troubled with pimples or other skin eruption the **Ointment** will quickly heal.

Write for special folder on the care of the skin

Address: "Cuticura," Dept. 8 S, Malden, Mass.

NOTHING WET

Barber—Have a tonic, sir?
Customer—No thanks, I'm on the water wagon.

When CHILDREN
—don't gain weight
—don't grow strong
—don't keep well

The stomach is not to blame when a child is finicky about food. Nor is every sluggish girl or boy constipated. Instead of a lot of medicine, give a little pure syrup of figs. You'll see a change in twenty-four hours! In a couple of weeks, your youngster will have the appetite of a young animal!

It's true, mothers, for it's *Nature*. California syrup of figs is bottled health for the little ones.

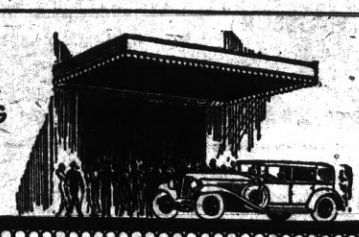
Pale, sickly children whose tongues are always coated, and who are never really hungry, are suffering from *stasis*. That means a sluggish colon; a colon clogged with waste. They need the "California treatment." You can give this treatment yourself, any time, anywhere; it's simple. Every druggist has California syrup of figs all bottled, with full directions for a babe of two years or child in his teens. Its delicious taste makes it delightful to use; no child ever tired of it.

Start tonight, giving enough to cleanse the colon of every bit of poisonous waste. Then a spoonful or so, every other day, until the child's appetite, color, weight, and general health tell you all sluggishness or constipation has been conquered.

When a cold or severe sickness has sapped a child's strength and stamina, remember California syrup of figs.

If you want to get real results, get the real California syrup of figs. Do not accept any bottle which does not say CALIFORNIA Syrup of Figs.

THE VERY CENTRE OF EVERYTHING



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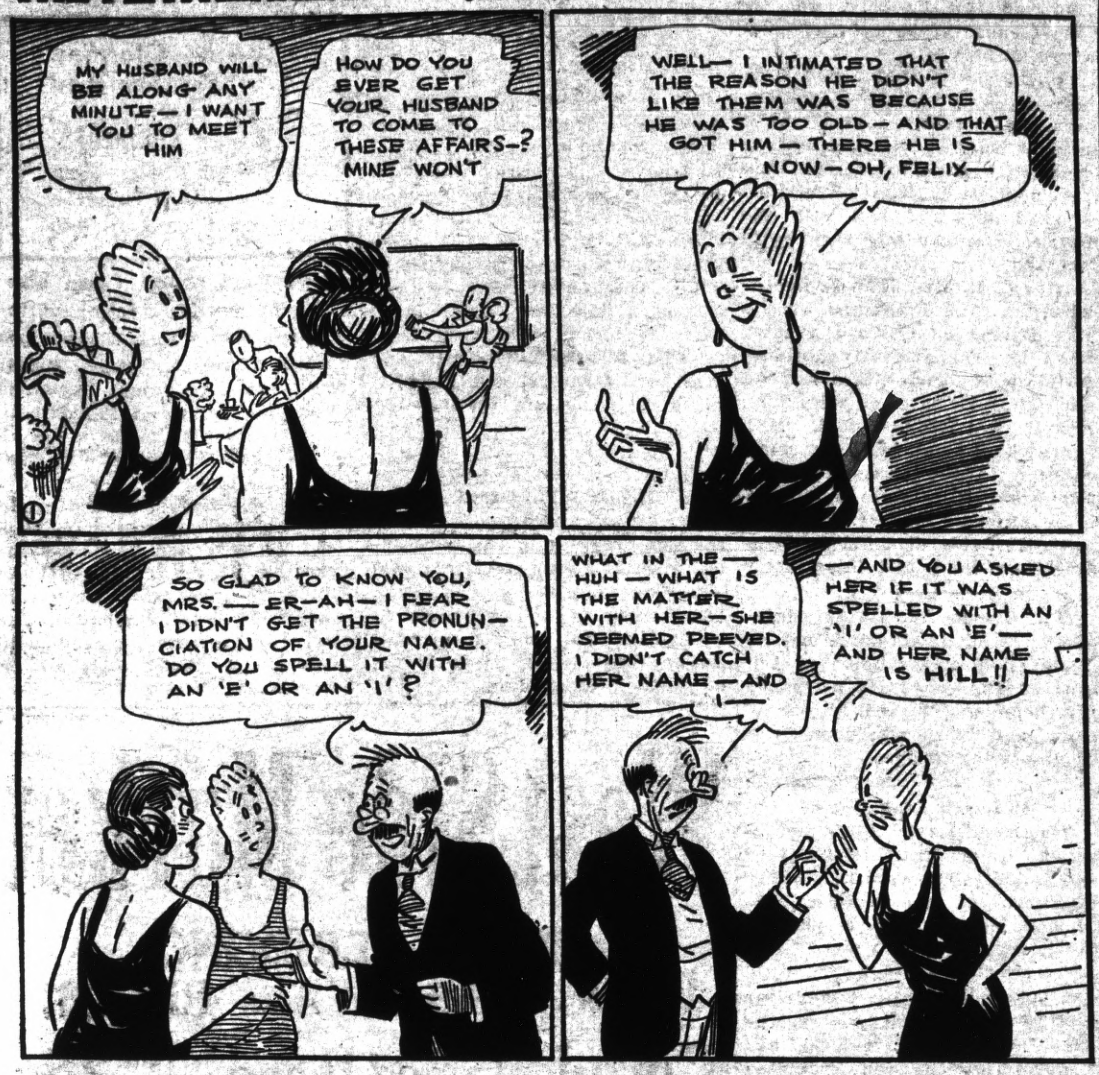
THE FEATHERHEADS

By Osborne
© Western Newspaper Union



In For a Stormy Spell

ODD THINGS AND NEW—By Lame Bode

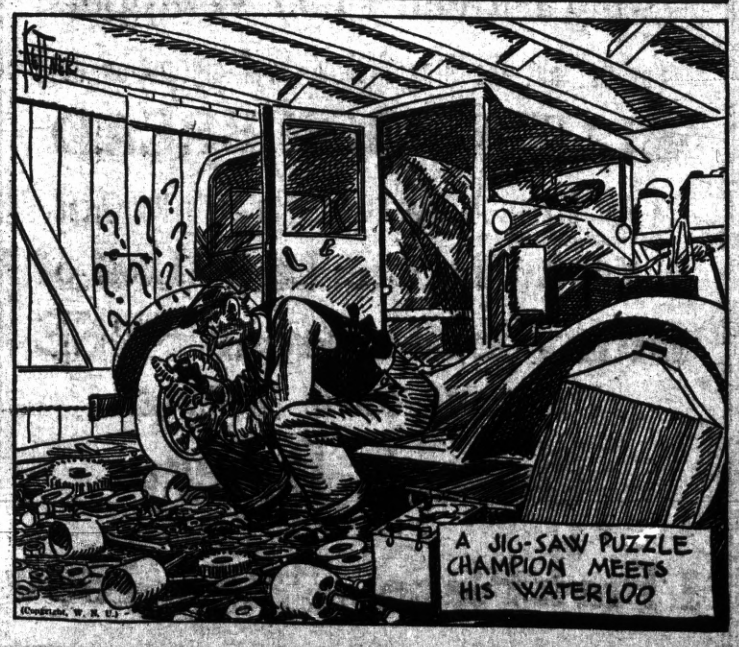
WNU Service.

SUCH IS LIFE

By Charles Sughroe

Circumstances Alter Cases

Along the Concrete



GREASERS, OF COURSE

He—After having been among the Mexicans for some time I can't say I like them. They're an oily lot.

She—You refer to the greasers, I suppose?

Old Water Power Site

The oldest water power site in America is believed to be that on the Piscataqua river at South Berwick, established on the site of the Burleigh blanket mills by Ferdinando Gorges, in 1620. The water power is not only the oldest, but has been in continuous use since its inception.

Father Sage Says:

The best part of owning your own home is the satisfaction of having something to mortgage when you want to buy a new car.

WANTED NEW GAME

Friend—Going to hunt lions as usual this season?

Hunter—No. I'm going to look for gnu game.

Mixed

A farewell party was being given to one of the staff of a big store who was starting in business on his own.

The manager presided, but he was not accustomed to public speaking. Beginning his speech, he said: "Ladies and gentlemen—Our young friend—is—er—let us hope—er—he will have a level road all the way, and the—er—courage to overcome the mountains of difficulty—er—he will meet, so that he may climb to the top of the ladder—er—that others will follow in his footprints—."—London Tit-Bits.

To keep clean and healthy take Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They regulate liver, bowels and stomach.—Adv.

QUICK
RELIEF FROM COLDS
Mistol
FOR NOSE AND THROAT
Essence of Mistol
ON HANDKERCHIEF AND PILLOW

METHOD IN IT

Artist—Do you writers rumple up your hair to accelerate thought?

Writer—No. We do it to scare off collectors.

How to train BABY'S BOWELS

Babies, bottle-fed or breast-fed, with any tendency to be constipated, would thrive if they received daily half a teaspoonful of this old family doctor's prescription for the bowels.

That is one sure way to train tiny bowels to healthy regularity. To avoid the fretfulness, vomiting, crying, failure to gain, and other ills of constipated babies.

Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is good for any baby. *For this, you have the word of a famous doctor.* Forty-seven years of practice taught him just what babies need to keep their little bowels active, regular; keep little bodies plump and healthy. For Dr. Caldwell specialized in the treatment of women and little ones. He attended over 3500 births without loss of one mother or baby.

DR. W. B. CALDWELL'S
SYRUP PEPSIN
A Doctor's Family Laxative

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. McMenamin, 111 Crest Ave, report that "it was just terrible and is something that one would like to forget". McMenamins were attending a theatre in the downtown district of Long Beach when the earthquake first struck.

Mrs. R. D. Owens and Mrs. E J. Dingle will be hostesses at the next meeting of the Methodist Social League, Tuesday, March 21, in the parlors of the church. Refreshments will be served at 1 P. M. and the business meeting will be at two o'clock.

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"The Laundry Does It Best"
At Lowest Cost
DRY WASH at 8c per lb.
Shirts of the Dry Wash, 12c each
YOUR LAUNDRY IS DONE "RIGHT"
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BANQUETS OUR SPECIALTY
Take Home Some of Our Home-Made Raviolas

Garden Tools - Fertilizers
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Nows the time
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136 Washington Rich. 257

Rain Causes Local Accidents

The heavy rain which was precipitated last Tuesday, was the direct cause of two accidents on Gerrard avenue.

In the first accident at 5 P. M. Mrs. Irene Grigley of Pescadero, was very severly injured when her car collided with a telephone pole after skidding on the wet pavement. Mrs. Grigley sustained cracked ribs and bad cuts and bruises. Her car was very badly wrecked.

At 7 P. M. Mrs. John E. Brocklebank of 216 Richmond avenue was driving on Garrard avenue, when her car evidently deciding to follow the leader, also skidded and crashed into a pole. Mrs. Newell S. Stevens took Mrs. Brocklebank and her two small children to the emergency hospital where they were found not to be seriously injured. Their car was completely demolished. They are now at home and doing nicely

Mrs. Charles Forbes entertained the members of the Thursday Bridge Club at her home on Arizona avenue, yesterday afternoon Luncheon was served at one o' clock, and the afternoon was spent playing bridge.

Dramatic Club Meets

The Mendelssohn Club met at the home of Mrs. Clare Bryant 445 Golden Gate avenue, Monday afternoon at one o'clock. Mrs. Phoebe Horner read a play to the group.

G. E. Scott, motor bus driver for the Key System, was in the office the other day, "Scottie" has been piloting the San Francisco ferry bus for many years, and is well known on the West Side.

The Pekida Wakan chapter of the Camp Fire Girls discussed plans for a Mothers' Tea to be given by the group at the home of Miss Betty Williams, president of the group. A definite date has not yet been set.

It remained for Mike Bradley, old time Standard employee, to tell us about one of our leading citizens, Edward McDuff. It seems Ed was one of the leading athletes of San Francisco in the old days. Come in, and tell us about those old time foot races and the other athletic events, Mr. Ed.

A dinner was served by Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Garloff, 85 Scenic avenue in honor of the birthday of their daughter, Eva Garloff, Tuesday evening, March 14. Those celebrating her birthday were; Hattie Blair, Betty Williams, Ruth Steckel and Carl Garloff. The evening was spent with music, dancing and games.

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Help Us Increase It!
Westside Garage
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Standard Gas, Oils
High Pressure Greasing
General Repairing
Battery Work—Recharging
Storage $2.50 Per Month
Use Your Credit Card

Among Our Subscribers

Ye editor knew that sooner or later he would come across someone in Point Richmond from his native city of Olean, New York. Only natural that the home of America's oldest refinery would have wandering sons in Point Richmond. We are therefore, pleased to acknowledge a pleasant visit—and subscription—from Thomas C. McCormick, 307 Washington Ave., who lived in Olean before your editor saw the light of day in that city. Come in again, T. C., and old timers from Oil City, Bradford, Titusville and elsewhere from the old Pennsylvania oil fields are always welcome.

✧ ✧ ✧

Hailed on the street by my good friend, John Garvin, of 68 Idaho street, and success wished for the Progress in the substantial form of a long term subscription. Few there are who excel the office force of the Progress in love of baseball, and Garvin, well known Standard employee is one of them. Thanks, John.

(Philosophic Tailor—answer)

"A quarter to two."

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M & W CLEANERS
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Onchiota Group, Camp Fire

At the regular meeting of the Onchiota Camp Fire chapter last Friday afternoon, Miss Maude Wood, the guardian explained some of the laws of the Fire to the girls, and plans for a tea to be held next Friday were discussed.

Saturday, March 11, the group with the assistant guardian, Miss Gene Bussey, and the assistant guardian of the Pekida Wakan chapter Miss Margaret Skiles, in charge, hiked to Winehaven. The girls took pictures, picked wild flowers and played baseball on the hike.

West Side Market
CHAS. CERIDONO
147 W. Richmond Ave. Rich. 135
Corn-LeGrand Brand No. 2 Cans 3 for . . 25c

Thompson's CHOCOLATE
With Puzzle . . . 44c

"A1" Bisquick Flour 30c
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More Specials at the Store

Bring Fifteen (15) Wrappers
(or Cut out the Blue Ribbon Loaf Picture On Our)
BLUE RIBBON BREAD
To Our Bakery, or Any Grocer Who Sells Our Bread.
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